SUPERMAN
DC
NATIONAL COMICS

FINALLY... IT'S OVER!

10¢
APRIL
NO. 3749

APPRDVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

THE SUPER-DEATH OF SUPERMAN!™

THE TRAGIC END!
A SADDENING TALE OF THE *MAN OF STEEL!*

FOR THE VERY LAST TIME, *SUPERMAN* IS *DEAD!*

HEAVEN HELP ME! I FAILED YOU... EVERYONE...

SUPERMAN HAS BEEN FLYING BACK TO EARTH FOR WEEKS, TRIPPING THROUGH THE VAST ARMPITS OF OUTER SPACE:*

JESUS! THAT WAS A HAIRY ADVENTURE!

GONNA PUKE IN MY OWN FACE IF I SEE ANY MORE SPACE!

* FOLLOWING HIS MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE IN "SUPERMAN VS. THE FLESH-WARPING HERMAPHRODITES OF THE NEON VOID" (*SUPERMAN* # 3748) - ED.

THE SUPER-DEATH OF SUPERMAN

CRUMBLING SCRIPT BY
ADAM "THE HACK" SAVAGE

PASSABLE ART BY
ARTHUR "MOTHER OF INFINITY" AISLOP

MEDICATED LETTERING BY
EGAVAS "NO NICKNAME" MADA

TYRANNICAL EDITING BY
EDWARD "ED" MULSTANOVICH

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AW SHIT, JIMMY!
GET OUT OF MY BROOM CLOSET!
WELL, WELL, WELL!
LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE JUST BECAME MY SUPER-SLAVE!
BROOM CLOSET
ISN'T THAT RIGHT, CLARK SLASH SUPERMAN?
YOU'RE GONNA BE MY BEST PAL NOW, RIGHT?
RIGHT?!
UH, SURE, JIMMY.
WHATEVER YOU SAY.
JUST DON'T POST THAT, OKAY?
WE'LL SEE.
"WE'LL SEE"?!
LISTEN, NOW THAT YOU'RE MY *FRIEND*, WHY DON'T I SHOW YOU MY COOL FORTRESS IN GREENLAND?
OKAY, FUN!
PRETTY COOL! GET IT?*
AND I GUESS IT'S MY FORTRESS NOW, RIGHT? HEH HEH!
GOOD ONE.
IT USED TO BE IN THE NORTH POLE LIKE SANTA CLAUS, BUT YOU HUMANS MELTED ALL THAT.
WHOOPS!
* BECAUSE IT'S COLD. - ED.
SWELL CRIB, CLARK-SUPERMAN!
JUST SUPERMAN, PLEASE.
HOW ABOUT A "THEY" PRONOUN?
EVERYONE'S DOING IT.
I'M GOOD.
YOU DON'T MIND IF I GET SOME FOOTAGE, RIGHT?
I HAVEN'T POSTED IN TWENTY MINUTES, AND THEY'RE GETTING HUNGRY.
WAIT A MINUTE...
YOU POSTED ME CHANGING IN THE BROOM CLOSET!?
HEY, I BLURRED YOUR FACE!
"IS SUPERMAN POSING AS A HUMAN?"
"I'LL REVEAL HIS TRUE IDENTITY WHEN I GET EIGHTY MILLION FOLLOWERS."

ALRIGHT, GET IN!
YOU BROUGHT THIS ON YOURSELF, JIMMY.
HEY! WHATCHA DOING?
I THOUGHT WE WERE PALS!
THINK AGAIN.
DIE!!
AAAAAHHHH!
YOUR PHONE, I MEAN, NOT YOU.
SLAVES, SEE THAT HE... SURVIVES.
SHO' NUFF, BOSSMAN!
LATER, BACK AT THE DAILY PLANET...
CAN'T KILL HIM BECAUSE OF MY OATH.
BRAINWASHING PROBABLY THE BEST OPTION.
HEY, CLARK, HAVE YOU SEEN JIMMY?
JIMMY?
JIMMY WHO?
OH, *JIMMY*.
NOPE. NOT ME. NO JIMMY FOR ME.
WHY ARE YOU ASKING?
WHY ARE YOU ASKING ME?
CLARK IS SO FUCKING WEIRD.
HE'S SWEATING.
HE *NEVER* SWEATS.
SOMETHING MUST BE WRONG.

CLARK SEEMS LIKE SOMEONE WHO HAS TO PRETEND TO BE HUMAN. HMMM, I BET HE'S SUPERMAN!

CAN'T BELIEVE I NEVER REALIZED.

I BETTER LATCH ONTO THAT SPERM... WE WERE MEANT TO BREED TOGETHER!

QUEEN

CLARK'S TOO TIMID... I BETTER AMP THINGS UP.

MAN-BAIT TIME!

CLARK, HAVE I EVER TOLD YOU WHAT BEAUTIFUL EYES YOU HAVE?

THEY'RE JUST LIKE MINE.

CAN YOU IMAGINE WHAT OUR CHILDREN WOULD LOOK LIKE?

CHILDREN?

GOSH, I'VE BEEN SOOOOOOOOO LONELY LATELY.

WHY DON'T YOU TAKE ME OUT AND SHOW ME A GOOD TIME?

WTF?

PERRY WHITE WATCHES LUSTILY FROM HIS RANCID OFFICE.

GODDAMN, THAT LOIS REALLY IS A FINE PIECE OF MEAT. AND SHE SEEMS TO BE IN HEAT! IF KENT DOESN'T HOP ON THAT I'LL FIRE HIM FOR STUPIDITY! WHY, IF I WAS TWENTY YEARS YOUNGER...

P. WHITE - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

PERRY RETURNS TO HIS DANK CIGAR, HIS SOUL BITTER WITH THE YEARS.

LATER, AT A RESTAURANT...

I GOT YOU SOMETHING TO CELEBRATE OUR ANNIVERSARY.

BUT IT'S OUR FIRST DATE.

YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.

I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT SHE MEANS.

TO CELEBRATE THE DISSOLUTION OF OUR BEINGS INTO A LARGER CORPORATION.

TO CELEBRATE US EXPLODING INTO ONE ANOTHER!

IT'S THE KEY... TO ALL OF MY ORGANS... *SUPERMAN!*

IS THIS A DREAM OR A NIGHTMARE?

IT'S TIME TO UNITE THE LANE AND... WHAT WAS IT? EEL? LANE AND EEL FAMILY CLANS.

EL.

AS IN *EL ADIÓS.* THIS CHICK'S BONKERS!*

WHERE'S THE EXIT?

* MS. LANE SHOWS NO SIGNS OF ACTUAL MENTAL ILLNESS; CLARK IS THINKING IN THE HYPERBOLIC VERNACULAR OF 1959 AMERICA. DIALOGUE HAS BEEN LEFT UNTAMPERED WITH IN THE INTEREST OF HISTORICITY, AND TO AVOID PAYING A NEW LETTERER. - ED.

WHAT'S WRONG, CLARKY? YOU SCARED?

I'LL LET YOU GO WILD. ANYTHING YOU LIKE.

I'M... I'M A PRETTY WILD GUY.

LET'S FIND OUT.

CLICK!

AND THAT'S THE LAST WE SAW OF MS. LANE.

WE OBTAINED THIS FOOTAGE FROM ONE OF HER STALKERS.

"NEAT GUY, A TALENTED ACTOR WHO REGULARLY GOT WITHIN INCHES OF MS. LANE."

"WE KILLED HIM AND GOT THE FOOTAGE OFF HIS PHONE BEFORE HE COULD UPLOAD IT."

THIS IS ANOTHER ASSOCIATE OF MS. LANE.

JIMMETH "JIMMY" OLSEN. PAPARAZZI DIPSHIT.

WE WANTED TO QUESTION HIM, BUT GET THIS... HE'S VANISHED TOO!

JIMMY OLSEN - SUSPECT REF:

IF THIS KENT GUY REALLY IS SUPERMAN, MAYBE HE TOOK THEM OFF THE MAP.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN *IF* KENT IS SUPERMAN?

WE TOOK HIS GLASSES OFF WITH ONE OF THOSE NUDIFY APPS THE KIDS LOVE.

Clark Kent (with glasses)

Clark Kent (without glasses)

ARE PEOPLE AROUND HIM JUST FUCKING MORONS!?

!

HOLY SHIT! THAT'S WILD.

KEEPS HIS FACE IN A JAR BY THE DOOR.

I BET HE GETS OFF ON THAT.

PRETENDING HE'S MEEK.

BUT HE'S NOT.

HE'S SUPERMAN.

IT'S JUST A MASQUERADE FOR HIM.

GOD, WHAT A SICKO.

OUR INTEL SUGGESTS SUPERMAN MAY HAVE PICKED UP AN STD AT AN ALIEN ORGY WHILE AWAY IN SPACE.

IT MAY BE FUCKING WITH HIS BRAIN.

HARSH, BUT...

THE MOST POWERFUL BEING ON THE PLANET MAY NO LONGER BE ON OUR SIDE.

WE KNOW HE HAS A SECRET PALACE.

IT'S TIME TO FIND OUT WHAT'S INSIDE.

MAYBE A WEAKNESS WE CAN EXPLOIT.

"LEX LUTHOR TRICKED HIM ONCE. SUPERMAN LET HIM INSIDE THE PALACE. HE WOULDN'T LET LUTHOR SEE WHERE IT WAS, BUT LEX SAID IT WAS SOMEWHERE COLD."*

BRRRRR.

* SEE *ACTION COMICS* # 6723: "LEX LUTHOR DISCOVERS GOD (SUPERMAN CALLS IT 'NICE')"

THANKS TO CLIMATE CHANGE, IT WAS EASY TO FIND.

GREENLAND.

FUCKING GREENLAND.

SO WE'RE GONNA BREAK IN?

NO, DUMB ASS, THIS IS SUPERMAN'S HOUSE, NOT P. DIDDY'S.

WE NEED *HELP.*

PLUS WE NEED TO KEEP OUR HANDS CLEAN.

P.R. AND ALL THAT CRAP.

KIDS STILL THINK HE'S A HERO.

AREN'T YOU WONDERING WHO I GOT TO HELP US?

WHO IS AS MIGHTY AND AWESOME AS THE MAN OF STEEL?

LET'S TAKE A MOMENT...

AND SAVOR THE SUSPENSE.

UM, OKAY.

YOU'RE THE BOSS, BOSS.

KIND OF WEIRD THOUGH.

SHUT THE FUCK UP, HENDERSON!

WHY DO YOU ALWAYS RUIN MY SPECIAL MOMENTS?

JESUS!

ANYWAY.

MAY I PRESENT TO YOU, OUR SALVATION, THE ONE... THE ONLY...

PLASTIC MAN! EVERYONE'S FAVORITE HERO!

THAT WE COULD AFFORD.*

HEY, GANG!

PLEASE, NO AUTOGRAPHS!

WHO?

SUPERMAN WILL BEAT THE SHIT OUT OF HIM!

OH, MY KIDS HATE THIS GUY!

* $300 - ED.

IT'S TRUE THAT PLASTIC MAN IS A WEAKLING COMPARED TO SUPERMAN, BUT WE HOPE HE CAN SLIME HIS WAY IN WHEN SUPERMAN IS AWAY.

SLIME MY...

AND IF SUPERMAN DESTROYS HIM, WE'LL GET ANOTHER ONE OF THESE B-LISTERS.

GOLLY.

YOU SURE KNOW HOW TO MAKE A GUY FEEL SPECIAL.

THANKS FOR THE VOTE OF CONFIDENCE.

SOMETIMES I THINK THE MASTER REALLY DOESN'T LIKE ME. HE'S SO ABUSIVE!

HE'S LIKE THAT TO EVERYONE. DON'T TAKE IT PERSONALLY.

KNOCK! KNOCK!

DID YOU HEAR THAT?

M-MASTER? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

NO.

TOO... WEAK... TO LIFT THE KEY...

OPEN THE DOOR...

OF COURSE, SIR. BUT FIRST WE'LL NEED THE PASSWORD.

CAN'T... REMEMBER... MY PASSWORD... TOOK A BAD BEATING... MESSED UP MY HEAD...

OH, I SEE. IN THAT CASE WE'LL SEND YOU AN EMAIL AND YOU CAN RESET IT.

NO!

I LOST MY PHONE, YOU IDIOT!

THIS IS WHAT I WAS TALKING ABOUT.

NO MANNERS WHATSOEVER.

MM HMM.

I'M SENDING THE EMAIL.

GRAAAAAAAAAUUUUUUUUUUUUUU

OPEN THIS DOOR OR I'M RECYCLING ALL OF YOU ASSHOLES!

HEY, OLD SPORT. WHAT'S WRONG?

CAN'T REMEMBER YOUR GRANDMA'S MAIDEN NAME?

UGH. I DIDN'T EVEN GET PAST THE FRONT DOOR.

SNIFF *SNIFF*

DO I SMELL... PLASTIC... MAN?

HEH HEH...

MAYBE.

YEAH, YOU FOUND ME OUT, SUPERMAN OL' BUDDY.

I WAS JUST IN THE 'HOOD AND THOUGHT I'D PRANK YOU.

WONK WONK WONK.

LISTEN, REAL REASON I'M HERE: I'M A LITTLE LOW ON FUNDS.

THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LET ME PAWN THAT GIANT KEY OR SOMETHING.

IS IT REAL GOLD?

YOU WOULDN'T MIND, RIGHT... *CLARK?*

JESUS, DOES EVERYONE KNOW MY SECRET IDENTITY?

CAN'T BRAINWASH PLASTIC MAN, HE CAN'T SIT STILL.

GUESS I'LL HAVE TO KILL HIM.

UM... HELLO?

TRY NOT TO RESIST.

NOT REALLY DIGGING THIS VIBE, MAN.

SHUT UP.

GRRRRRR...

AW CRUD.

HWA!

OUCH.

PLASTIC MAN'S SHATTERED BEING IS LIKE A HOLOGRAM, WITH EACH PART CONTAINING THE WHOLE.

IN THIS SPLINTERED STATE A MEMORY CRAWLS UP FROM THREE YEARS EARLIER AT THE JLA'S BASE ON THE MOON...

CREAMED YOUR FACE AGAIN, DIANA! YOU SURE LIKE ICE CREAM!

LIKE IT?

I *NEED* ICE CREAM LIKE SUPERMAN NEEDS THE FUCKING SUN! CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT IT! NOM NOM NOM!*

HA HA!

HMM...

SELF-SERVICE

* WONDER WOMAN IS PRESUMABLY EXAGGERATING. - ED.

FROM THE RUINS OF PLASTIC MAN RUSH AN ARMY OF TINY SOLDIERS EACH UNITED BY ONE GOAL: DESTROY SUPERMAN!

LET'S GO, GUYS!

FUCK YEAH! GET HIM!

LET'S GET SMALL!

AND SMALLER STILL!

LET'S SHOW THIS GUY THE ARCTIC CHILL!

GET THEM ALL! COVER EVERY INCH!

RUIN HIS DAY LIKE WE'RE THE GRINCH!

WHY AM I TALKING IN RHYME?

I'LL WRITE YOU A SWEET OBITUARY, PLASTIC MAN.

BEE-YOTCH!

HUH.

SUDDENLY...

DON'T FEEL SO GOOD.

AH WELL, WHATEVER.

UP, UP, AND...

UGH.

BLEH!

I JUST

UGH

I JUST DON'T

OH GOD! OH GOD!

NOOOOOOOOO

SHEE-BOP BADOO BADOO.

ANOTHER ONE BITES THE PLASTIC.

WHOOPS! DON'T KNOW MY OWN STRENGTH.

LOOKS LIKE HE'S DOWN FOR THE COUNT.

GOOD NIGHT, SWEET PRINCE.

WE'LL ALWAYS HAVE GREENLAND.

LOIS AND JIMMY APPEAR, NEWLY RELEASED FROM THEIR BRAINWASHING...

WHAT'S PLASTIC MAN DOING TO MY BOYFRIEND?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT THAT'S MY PAL.

MY PAL...

THANKS FOR LENDING ME YOUR PHONE, MS. LANE.

A WOMAN LIKE YOU COULD NEVER KEEP YOUR HANDS STEADY AT A TIME LIKE THIS.

IS THE MASTER DEAD? I FEEL A MIXTURE OF JOY AND ANGUISH.

WHY DO I ALWAYS HAVE TO BE LIKE THIS?

AM I MAKING THIS ABOUT ME?

PLEASE SHUT THE HELL UP.

OKAY.

NO! NOT SUPERMAN! ANYONE BUT HIM! KILL SOMEONE ELSE! JIMMY, FOR INSTANCE!

GEE WHIZ!

I WONDER IF THIS WILL GET ME OVER 100 MILLION FOLLOWERS.

PEOPLE TOOK SUPERMAN'S DEATH PRETTY HARD.

LIKE A CANDLE IN THE KRYPTONITE...

ET CETERA.

The Daily Sentinel

SCUMBUG PLASTIC MAN KILLS SUPERMAN

AIN'T IT A SHAME?

UH. YES. A SHAME.

WHAT DO I OWE?

$14.78.

I'VE GOT FIFTEEN.

CAN I, UH, GET MY CHANGE?

OH YEAH?

WELL I SAY I HATE PLASTIC MAN MORE THAN YOU!

MY FIST SAYS OTHERWISE!

YOU TWO SHOULD MEET!

HEH.

DINER

HELLO?

3B

REX?

WHAT THE...

3B

YOU GOT A LOT OF NERVE COMING HERE.

I KNOW.

THERE'S JUST... THERE'S NO ONE ELSE.

...BUT AFTER SUPERMAN EMBARRASSED ME IN FRONT OF THOSE KIDS THAT TIME...

AND HERE WE HAVE METAMORPHO!

REX, SHOW THE KIDS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU MIX SULFUR AND MERCURY!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE SMELL, GUYS, IT'S TOTALLY SAFE!

TREATED ME LIKE A MONKEY DOING TRICKS.

THOSE BIG-NAME GUYS WILL NEVER SEE US RUBBER MEN AS ANYTHING BUT TOOLS.

SO YOU DON'T KNOW ANY FILL-IN JOBS I MIGHT GET?

HARD ENOUGH FINDING WORK MYSELF.

HONESTLY, EEL, NO ONE'S GONNA HIRE A SUPERMAN-KILLER.

HERE'S SOME MONEY I FOUND IN THE COUCH.

GOOD LUCK OUT THERE.

TH-THANKS.*

* THIS BRIEF METAMORPHO SCENE, APPARENTLY INCLUDED TO RESET THE CLOCK ON HIS TRADEMARK FILING, CONSTITUTES HIS ENTIRE PUBLICATION HISTORY FOR THE LATE 1950S; HE WOULD REMAIN IN EDITORIAL LIMBO UNTIL THE 1963 STORY "VULCANIZATION AND ITS DISCONTENTS" (*THE GLANDULAR AND THE GROTESQUE* # 381). - ED.

MONTHS PASS. HARD TIMES ENSUE.

♪ AND I COME FROM ALABAMA WITH A BANJO ON MY KNEE ♪

KILL ME NOW.

I THOUGHT THIS WAS A SUPERMAN STORY. THAT'S WHAT THE COVER SAID.

GENTLEMEN, WE HAVE A PROBLEM.

PLASTIC MAN IS BECOMING... UNSTABLE.

UM, SIR, THIS IS PLASTIC MAN WE'RE TALKING ABOUT.

MORE UNSTABLE THEN! HE MIGHT TALK, AND WE CAN'T HAVE THIS COMING BACK TO US.

FORTUNATELY, I'VE FOUND SOMEONE TO TAKE CARE OF HIM.

GENTLEMEN, SAY HELLO TO...

THE ORGASM KID!*

HI.

* I SUGGEST YOU READ "THE ORGASM KID" WITH A GRAVELLY VOICE, MUCH LIKE WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS DOES ON THE AUDIOBOOK LP OF THIS COMIC BOOK (AVAILABLE AT ALL GOOD RECORD STORES). - ED.

WHO?

THE... ORGASM KID?

YES.

HIS SUPERPOWER IS THE ABILITY TO GIVE ANYONE AN INSTANTANEOUS ORGASM.

AND LIKE PLASTIC MAN, HE'S WITHIN OUR BUDGET.

OH, THAT'S PRETTY COOL.

BUT WHY IS HE CALLED *KID?*

PRETTY CREEPY GIVEN THE NATURE OF HIS POWER.

SHUT THE FUCK UP, HENDERSON!

GOD DAMN.

YOU GOT NO RESPECT!
I KILLED SUPERMAN!
I'M SCARED, ZANE. LET'S GO.
HOLD ON, THIS MIGHT MAKE GOOD CONTENT.
YEAH?
WANT TO SEE HOW BIG MY DICK CAN GET?
EW!
PLASTIC MAN!
GET AWAY FROM THOSE HARMLESS HIPSTERS!
OR WHAT, CAPTAIN CHEERIO?
YOU GONNA TURN ME INTO SOGGY CEREAL OR SOMETHING?
OR SOMETHING.
HERE IT COMES.
WHOOOOOOOAAAAAA!

HOLY SHIT!

COOL POWER!

ARE YOU MY ENEMY, OR MY NEW BEST FRIEND?

Blinkle Klin News

I WAS SENT HERE TO KILL YOU, PLASTIC MAN, BUT THEY DIDN'T PAY ME MUCH.*

YOU SEEM LIKE A COOL GUY. HOW ABOUT A REDEMPTION ARC?

REDEMPTION?

WE COULD START A TEAM. TAKE ON *THE MAN.*

OH, BY THE WAY, I'M THE ORGASM KID.

* $200. - ED.

GREAT NAME. BUT FORGET IT, KID.

I JINXED MYSELF BY KILLING SUPERMAN.

HANG AROUND ME AND I'LL SCREW YOU UP TOO.

WHAT KIND OF TALK IS THAT?

YOU'RE PLASTIC MAN! YOU ALWAYS BOUNCE BACK!

...

THAT'S TRUE.

OKAY, I'M IN.

WHAT HAVE I GOT TO LOSE?

NEWS BOBBERY

"LISTEN, PLAS, EARLIER TONIGHT MY DAD SHOWED ME SOMETHING..."

HELLO, BILLIAM.

UH, IT'S ACTUALLY *THE ORGASM* KID, DAD.

LOOK

LIFE

ENOUGH OF THAT, SON. LISTEN.

I KNOW YOU TOOK UP THIS SUPERHERO BUSINESS BECAUSE YOUR SISTER'S A CRYPTO SEX SLAVE AND YOUR MOTHER HAD HER FACE REMOVED AS PART OF A NEW TREND.

WE'RE HURTING FOR CASH. I GET IT.

BUT YOU DON'T NEED TO DO THAT ANYMORE.

I'M A GENIUS, AND I'M ONTO SOMETHING *BIG.*

OH?

IT'S A TIME MACHINE!
LIKE IN THAT MOVIE WITH THE SKATEBOARD KID.
OH.
NEAT.
gears
JUST GONNA TEST IT WITH A FEW MORE REPTILES.
WORKING MY WAY UP TO MAMMALS.
PRETTY SOON WE'LL BE FUCKING UP HISTORY!
AREN'T THERE LAWS AGAINST THAT?
WHAT, YOU GONNA SNITCH ON YOUR OLD MAN?
I'LL PRETEND YOU DIDN'T TELL ME ANYTHING FOR NOW...
JUST TRY TO REMEMBER THAT I'M A SEMI-OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE LAW.
SIGH
YOU SURE YOU WANT TO MESS WITH THE PAST?
TIME TRAVEL'S ALWAYS A PAIN IN THE ASS.
THINGS CAN'T GET WORSE THAN THEY ARE NOW, RIGHT?
I WISH YOU HADN'T SAID THAT.
MY DAD'S A BIT OF A CRANK.
SUDDENLY THIS FEELS A LITTLE DICEY.
YOU GONNA PUSS OUT NOW?
TOO LATE, KID!
LET'S GO!
gears

FROZEN

ON THE PAGE

OUTSIDE

OF TIME

FAR OUT

!

UGH.

AM I DEAD?

KIND OF WISH I WAS.

HEY, LOOK! IT'S ME! IT'S THEM!

THE TIME MACHINE WORKED!

WHOA.

GOOD JOB, DAD.

LOOK AT ME!

MAN, I WAS SO COOL.

HI.

HELLO, I'M PLASTIC MAN. FROM THE, *AHEM*, *FUTURE*.

YOUR HOME SCREEN IS SO DISORGANIZED.

GIVE ME MY FUCKING PHONE BACK.

UM.

ARE YOU OKAY, PLASTIC MAN? YOU LOOK LIKE SHIT.

WE'VE COME TO WARN YOU THAT SUPERMAN'S DEATH HAS MADE THE FUTURE HELL.

PEOPLE EAT GARBAGE AND SLEEP ON THE STREETS.

IT'S SO, SO BAD.

SO BAD.

YOU'RE SAYING WE HAVE TO BRING SUPERMAN BACK FROM THE DEAD AGAIN?* HELL TO THE YES!

UH... NO.

* SEE *SUPERMAN'S TEPID FRENEMY JIMMY OLSEN* #1346 FOR THAT EARLIER RESURRECTION. - ED.

SUPERMAN HAD AN ALIEN STD ROTTING HIS BRAIN.

LET THAT DOUCHEBAG ROT.

FUCK YOU! HE WAS MY BOYFRIEND.

YOU SHOULD PROBABLY GET TESTED THEN.

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?
GET AWAY FROM ME!
I THOUGHT YOU WANTED TO KISS.
IT SEEMED LIKE WE WERE HAVING A MOMENT.
YOU STINK SO HARD MY FACE IS MELTING.
MELTING?
ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY...
...YOU'RE JUST LIKE ME?
GUYS, REMEMBER WHAT WE'RE TRYING TO DO: KEEP THE FUTURE FROM BECOMING HORRIBLE BECAUSE SUPERMAN'S DEAD.
THAT'S RIGHT.
HIS TRUTH IS MARCHING ON.
HANDS OFF, DIPSHIT.
TELL THAT BITCH TO BE COOL!
SAY BITCH BE COOL!
YOU ROBOTS WERE SUPERMAN'S SLAVES, RIGHT?
CAN'T YOU MAKE A ROBOT SUPERMAN TO TAKE HIS PLACE?
I THINK WE CAN HANDLE IT.
NO PROBLEMO. A LOOKALIKE. GOT IT.
BECAUSE WE'RE SLAVES. WE'LL FOLLOW ORDERS. HUMAN MASTER.
WONDERFUL.
WE NEED HIS BRAND TO LIVE ON. NOT THE JERK I KILLED, BUT THE BOY SCOUT ACTION FIGURE.
THE PEOPLE NEED HOPE...
OR ELSE THEY'LL TURN AGAINST ME.
ALSO, YOU SHOULD PROBABLY BRAINWASH THESE TWO A BIT.
THEY'VE HEARD TOO MUCH.
B-BRAINWASH?
SEE YOU LATER, LOIS-GATOR.
I DON'T BELIEVE THAT'S HER NAME.
DON'T WORRY, YOU DID FINE THE FIRST TIME.
FIRST TIME?
PIECE OF SHIT PLASTIC MAN!

THIS WAS A WEIRD ADVENTURE.

YEAH, WE DIDN'T EVEN USE OUR POWERS.

I BET YOU WANTED TO USE YOURS ON THAT LOIS LANE CHICK!

WHAT A PSYCHO, EH?

YOU'RE JUST MAD SHE TURNED YOU DOWN.

MOVE OVER!

WHY IS YOUR LEG TOUCHING MINE?

BECAUSE YOUR FATHER WENT WITH A ONE-SEAT ARMCHAIR INSTEAD OF A FUCKING DELOREAN!

HEY!

WE'RE ONLY HERE BECAUSE YOU MURDERED SUPERMAN AND MESSED UP YOUR LIFE, REMEMBER?

I WAS TRYING TO HELP.

...

YOU'RE RIGHT, KID.

LET'S GET BACK TO THE PRESENT AND SEE HOW THINGS PANNED OUT.

LIFE'S ABOUT TO GET GREAT AGAIN!

I CAN FEEL IT IN MY BONES!

PRIMAL COMICS

$2.30 U.S. $2.95 CAN.

1 MAY 1994

THE WORLD HAS HEROES...
BUT ONLY ONE HAS THE O POWER!

THE ORGASM KID™

THE ORGASM KID AND PLASTIC MAN VS. THE MAN OF STEEL MACHINES!

1ST EXPLOSIVE ISSUE!

TRUTH JUSTICE OBEDIENCE

IN A WORLD OF CONTROL... THEY BRING THE CHAOS!

DAMN, THIS TIMELINE HAS GONE SOUR LIKE A WET POODLE.
WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT?
GOOD THING MY ORGASM POWER WORKS ON THEM.
I GUESS ROBOTS NEED TO GET OFF TOO!
BUT THEY'RE TOO STRONG.
LET'S GO BACK IN TIME AND FIND SOMEONE ELSE TO BE SUPERMAN.
INSTEAD OF THE ROBOTS?
WHO COULD REPLACE SUPERMAN?
TIME TRAVEL THEME MUSIC BEGINS.
SOMEONE AS PURE...
AS APPLE PIE.
THERE HE IS.
THERE'S OUR SUPERMAN.
WHO? THE KID?
HE'S GOT THE HAIR, BUT YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR MIND.
TRUST ME.
BILLY!
BILLY BATSON!
SAY WHAT?
IT'S YOUR OLD CHUM, PLASTIC MAN!
WHO?
UH OH, PEDOPHILE ALERT.
PLASTIC MAN!
FROM THE JUSTICE LEAGUE AND SHIT!
OOOOHHH...
PLASTIC MAN.
DAMN, YOU LOOKIN' RAW, DOG.
THAT'S SLANG FOR *COOL*, RIGHT?
GLAD WE'RE ON THE SAME PAGE.
LISTEN, WE NEED YOUR HELP.
DO WE?
SEEMS LIKE JUST ANOTHER BRAT.

NEW SIDEKICK, PLAS?

WHO IS THIS PRICK?

WHAT'D YOU CALL ME, SQUIRT?

OH, IS THIS WHERE WE FIGHT?

I'M DOWN.

SHAZAM!

CRACK!

FUCK YEAH.

THE POWER!

DAAAAAAAAAAAAMN.

HE EVEN *LOOKS* LIKE SUPERMAN!

I TAKE IT ALL BACK, PLASTIC MAN.

PEOPLE NEED TO STOP COMPARING ME TO FUCKING SUPERMAN!

OK, OK, LET'S LOWER THE TEMPERATURE.
HOW ABOUT WE GET COFFEE?
OR SODA POP.
OR WHATEVER KIDS DRINK THESE DAYS.
ENERGY DRINKS.
YEAH, I BET.
LIKE YOU NEED IT.
MENU
SO YOU WANT ME TO BE... SUPERMAN.
AND YOU THINK PEOPLE WON'T NOTICE?
WELL, OBVIOUSLY YOU'LL HAVE TO WEAR HIS COSTUME.
AND DO THIS THING WITH YOUR HAIR.
OH, AND WEAR GLASSES WHEN YOU LIVE HIS HUMAN LIFE.
BINGO!
PLUS THERE'S A HOT CHICK JUST WAITING FOR YOU TO BONE HER.
OK, SIGN ME UP!
I LOVE FUCKING ADULT BITCHES.

CLARK?

HERE WE GO.

CLARK KENT

DAILY

UH... YES.

I'M CLARK KENT.

HOW CAN I HELP YOU?

WHAT THE FUCK?

SOMETHING'S DIFFERENT ABOUT YOU.

GET OFF MY NUTS, LADY.

WHAT YOU DOING TONIGHT?

OOH, SO MANLY.

SOON...

YOU'RE NOT CLARK!

HOW'D YOU KNOW?

BECAUSE THE REAL SUPERMAN IS UNCUT!

WHOOPS!

YOU GOT ME.

MY NAME'S BILLY. SUPERMAN IS DEAD.

I'M TAKING OVER SO PEOPLE DON'T CRY.

AVENUE A
STREET
NET
READY FOR MORE TIME TRAVEL AND THE VOMITING IT ENTAILS?
WORD.
LET'S HOPE THE FUTURE'S NOT TOO FUCKED UP THIS TIME.
YO, PLAS, SOME CREEPY DUDE'S FOLLOWING US!
IT NEVER STOPS!
I AM THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS FUTURE!
GET OUT OF TOWN, THEY ABOLISHED CHRISTMAS!
I'M HERE TO SHOW YOU YOUR FUTURE SELF.
PLASTIC MAN, YOU WORK IN A CARNIVAL AS A FREAK.
I'M A CARNY?
THE WORLD NO LONGER HATES YOU.
BECAUSE I'M A HERO ON THE SIDE?
NO. BECAUSE THEY HAVE FORGOTTEN YOU.
OH.
WHAT ABOUT ME?
DO ME!
YOU'RE DEAD IN THIS TIMELINE, KID.
WHAT?!
AW CRAP.
!
THE END

THE SUPER-DEATH OF SUPERMAN

by Adam ("not the Mythbusters guy") Savage
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